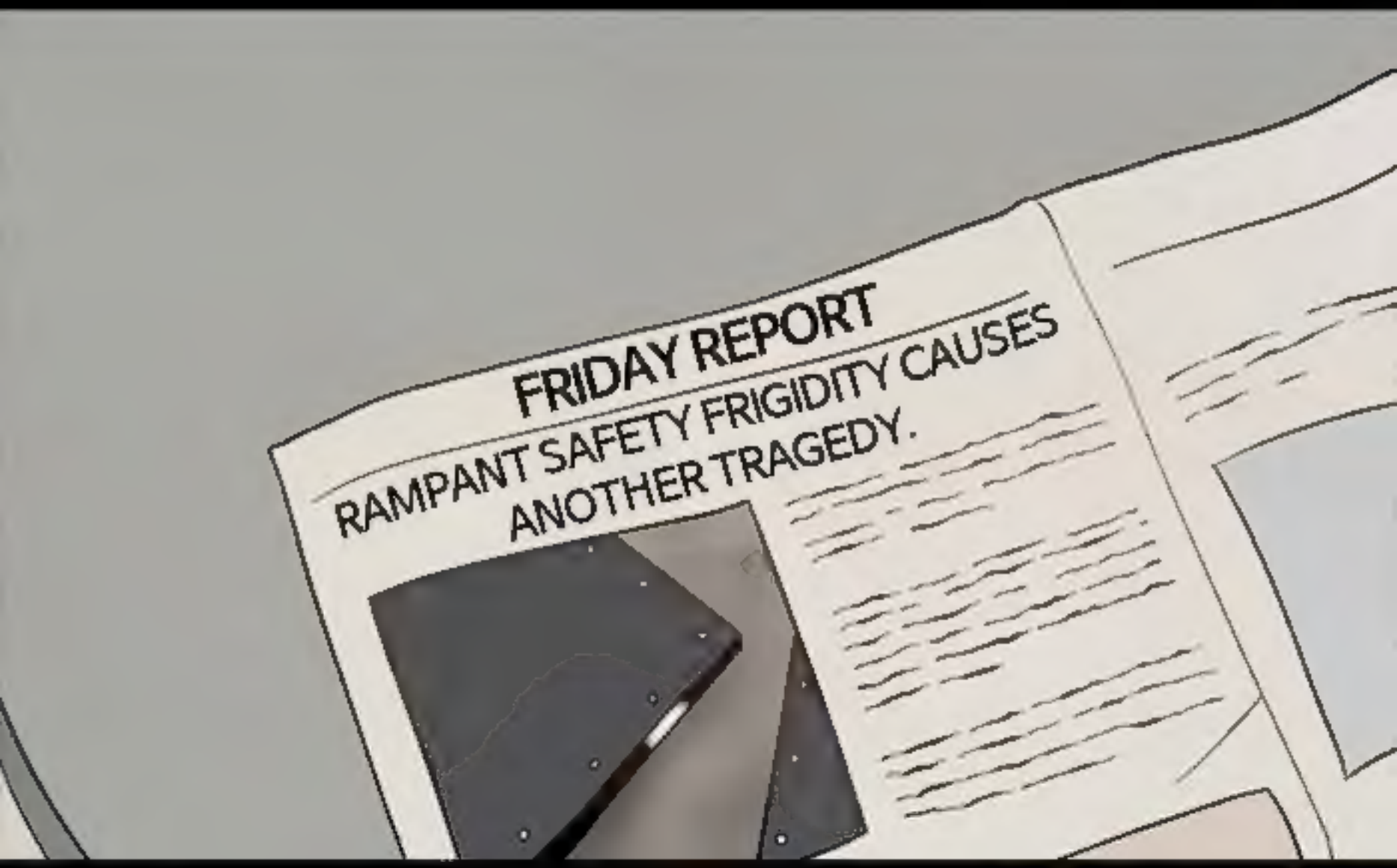
LIKE SOMEONE HALF OUT OF ONE'S MIND,

MY HEAD IS NUMB AGAIN ALL DAY TODAY.

LIKE A DIVER WHO'S LOST HIS BUOY,
I FEEL LIKE I'M ENDLESSLY WANDERING THE MURKY,
STICKY BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

WITHOUT A CLEAR BORDER BETWEEN
CONSCIOUSNESS AND UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

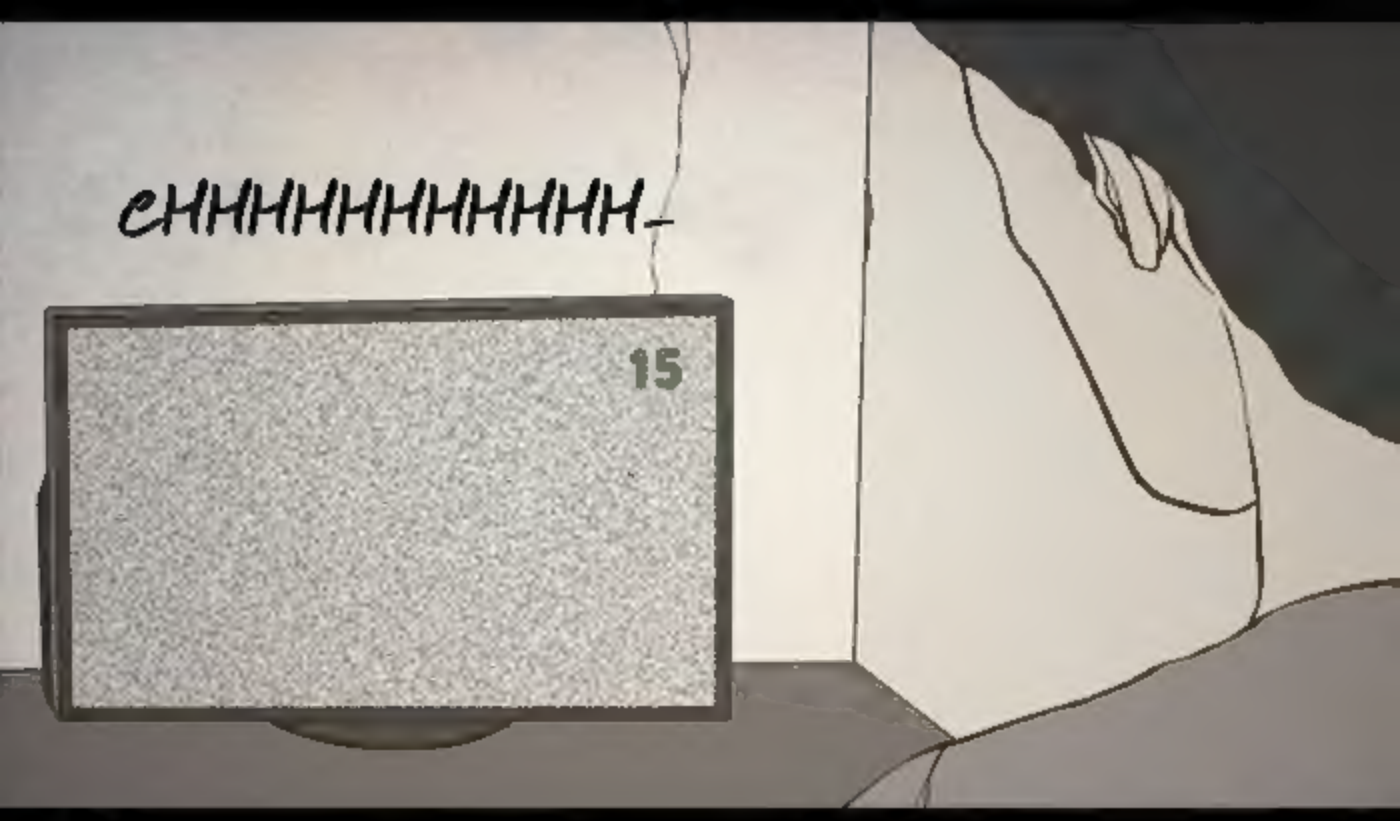
I CAN'T CONCENTRATE. SINCE THAT DAY,
I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO DO ANYTHING.



SINCE THAT ACCIDENT WHERE I LOST
MY OTHER HALF, SINCE THAT DAY,

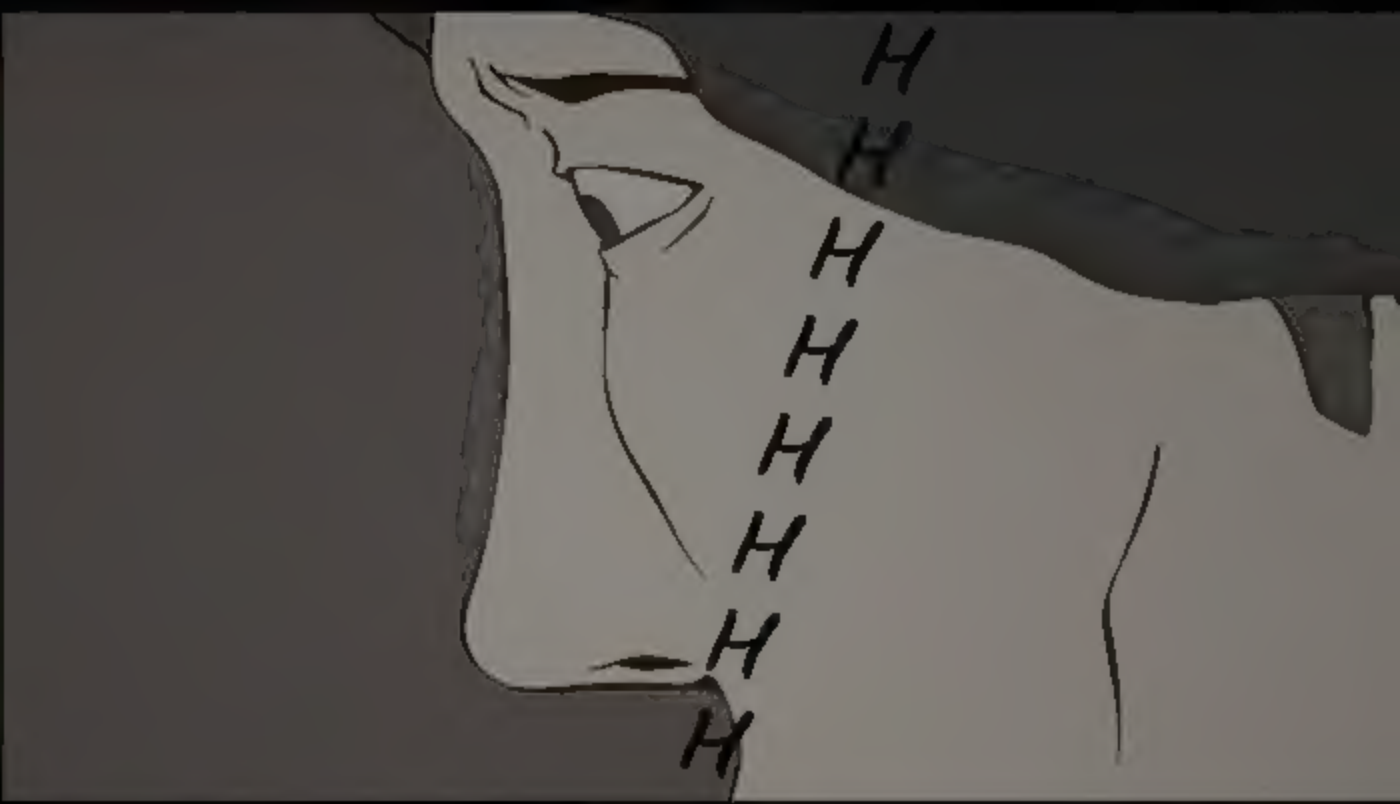
MY WHOLE SELF DISAPPEARED IN VAIN.

BEEP



THE ONLY THING KEEPING ME HERE
IS MY LINGERING FEELINGS.

AND REGRET ABOUT THAT DAY. REGRET THAT I WILL
HAVE TO DWELL ON FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.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WHEN I THINK BACK ON IT,
IT WAS SUCH AN OMINOUS DAY.

THAT MORNING,
THE SKY WAS CLOUDY AND GLOOMY.

A FEW CROWS PLAYED LIKE AGE SPOTS ON THE ASH-COLORED SKY.

WOW.
LOOK AT
THOSE CROWS.
SO EARLY IN THE
MORNING....

WE SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE OUT ON A DAY LIKE THAT.

EVEN IF WE NEEDED CIGARETTES OR BOTTLED WATER,
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER TO JUST WAIT.

BUT WE IGNORED IT.
SINCE WE NEEDED CIGARETTES AND
BOTTLED OF WATER MORE BADLY
THAN THE OMINOUSNESS.

AT THE TIME,

HEY!

OVER THERE!

WATCH OUT!!!!!

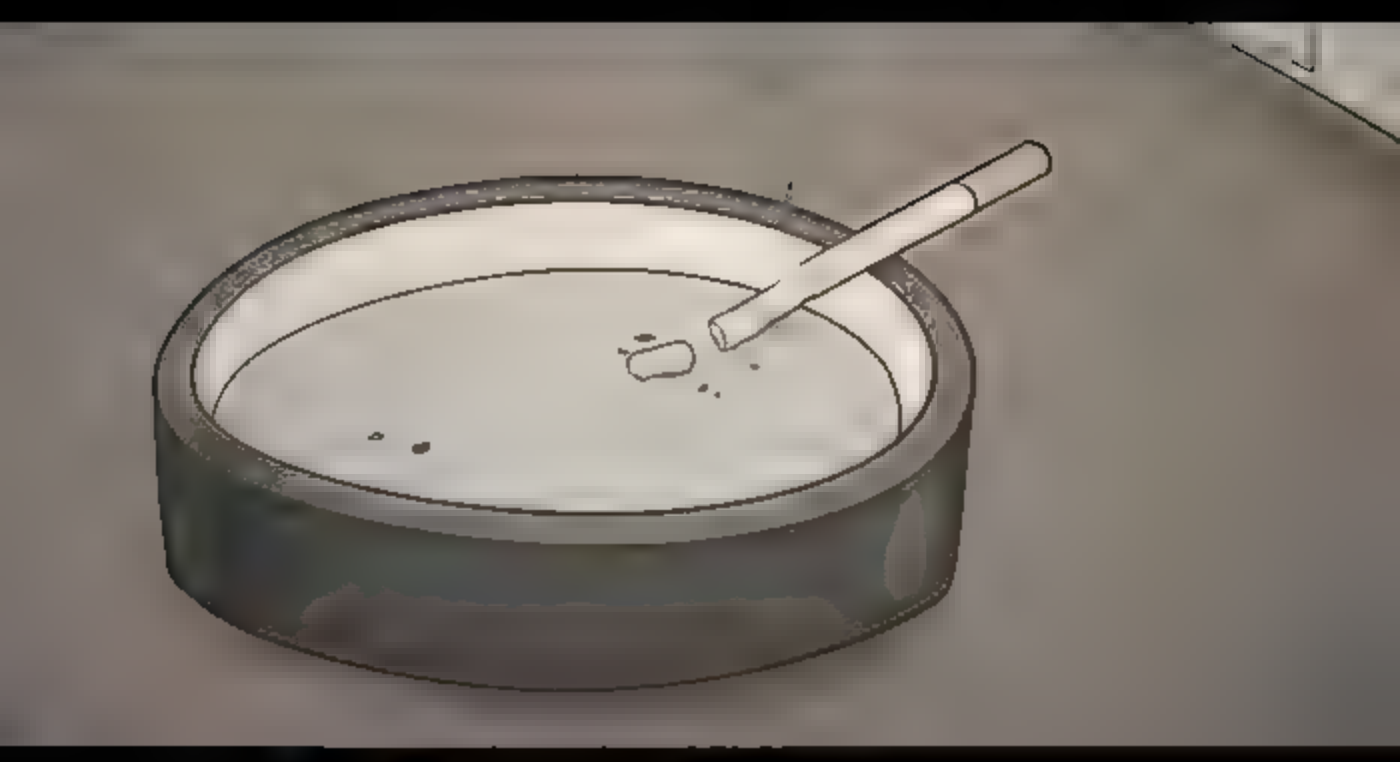
HM?

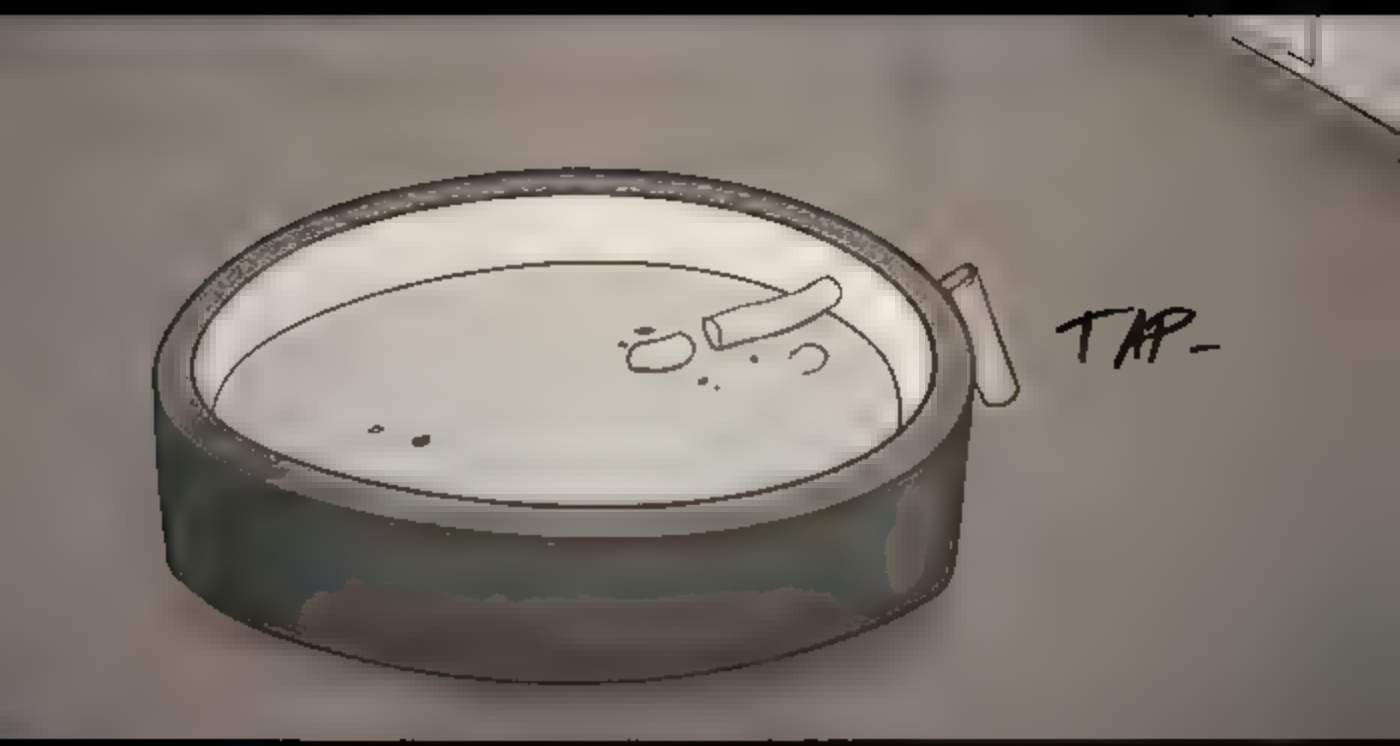
A COLD, HARD, MASSIVE WALL

CAME BETWEEN US IN AN INSTANT.

THAT DAY,

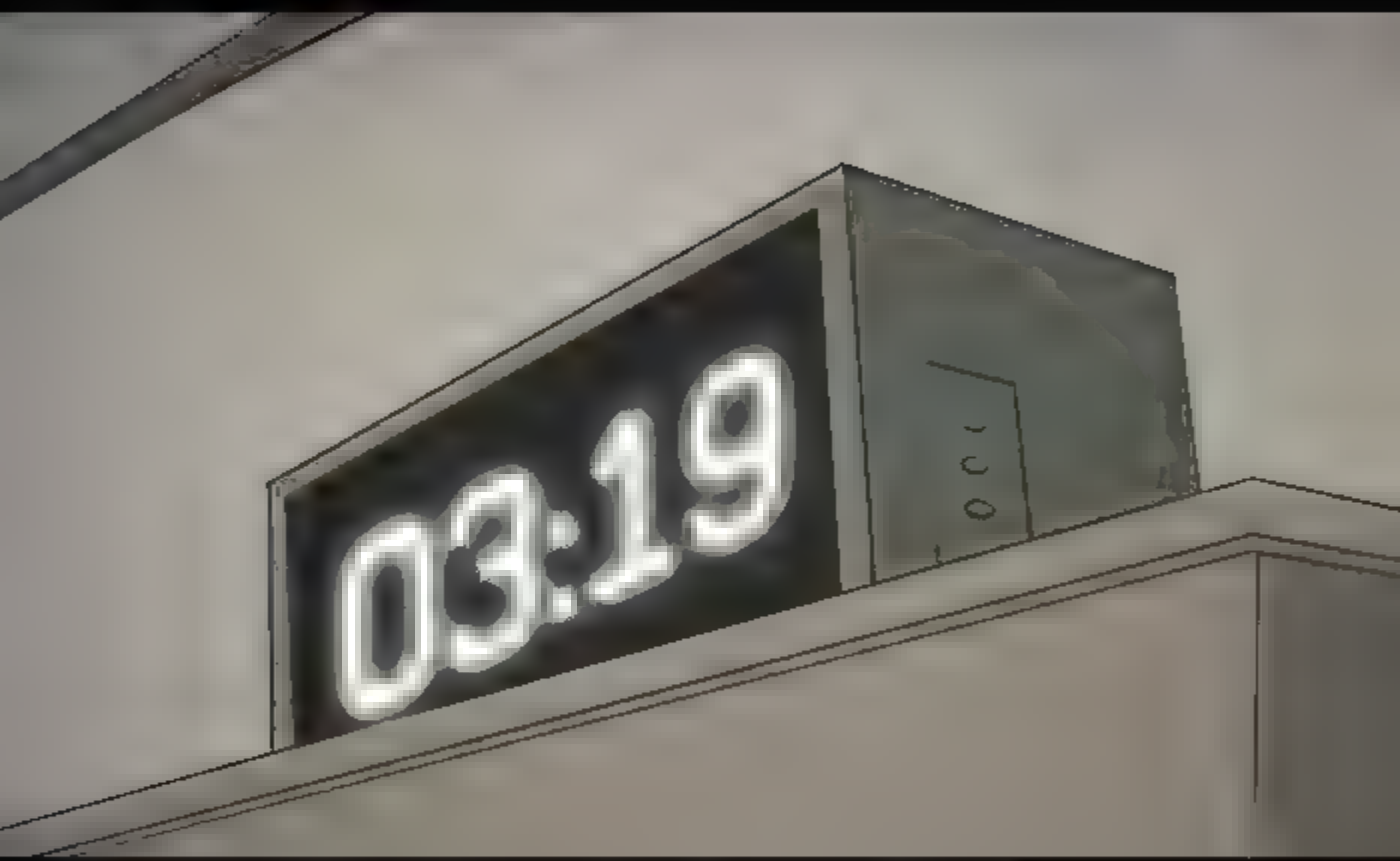
MY PARTNER DISAPPEARED.




TAP-

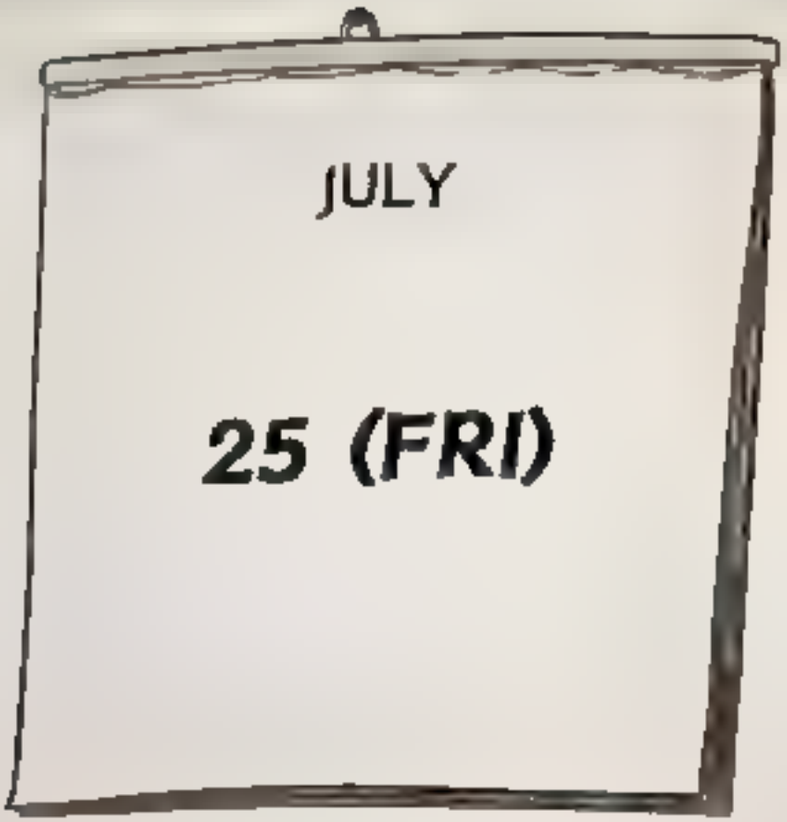
NOW I'M ALONE, ALL ALONE. AFTER BEING TOGETHER SINCE WE WERE CHILDREN,

I LOST THE PERSON I THOUGHT WOULD BE WITH ME FOREVER, I'M COMPLETELY ALONE.



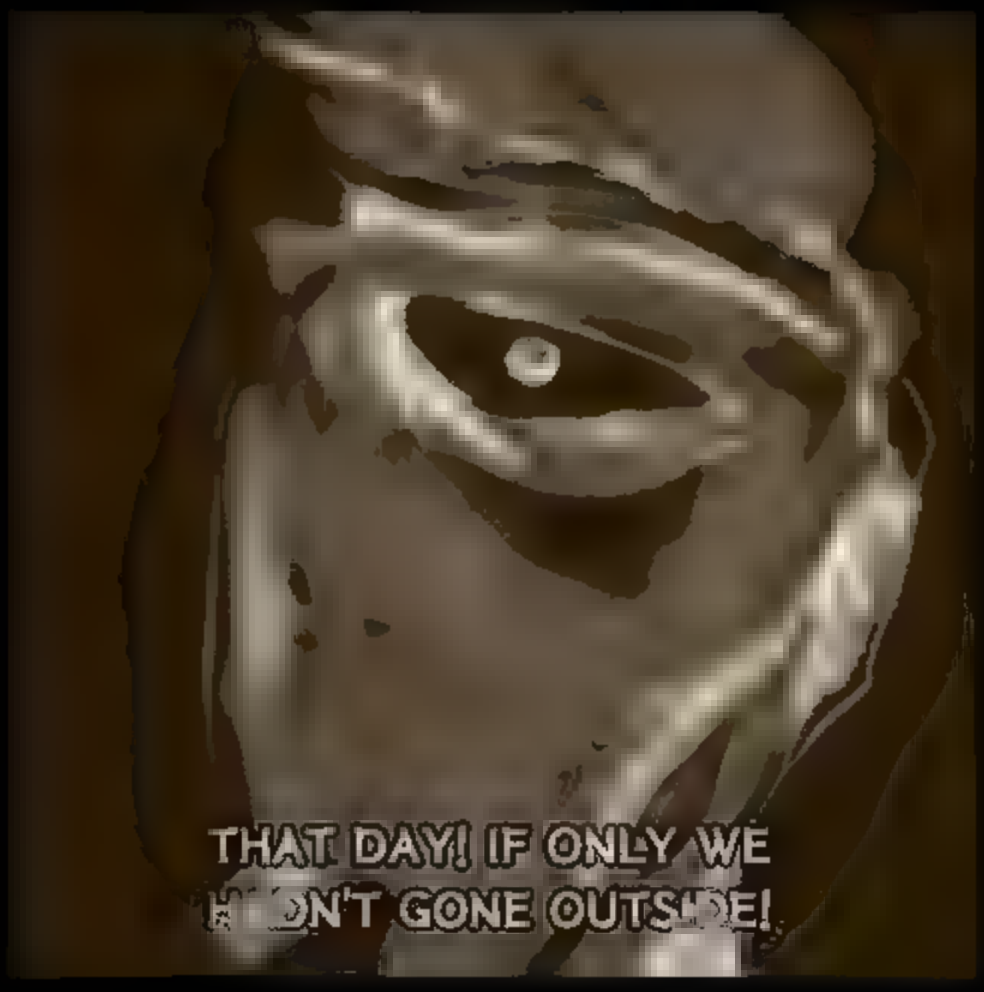
IT SEEMS LIKE A LONG TIME HAS PASSED SINCE THEN.

MAYBE IT'S BEEN YEARS,
MAYBE DECADES, OR MAYBE MONTHS.



LIFE AFTER THAT HAS JUST BEEN A STREAM OF REGRET AND SELF-REPROACH.

I COULDN'T FIND JOY OR MEANING ANYWHERE.


THAT DAY! IF ONLY WE
HADN'T GONE OUTSIDE!

THAT DAY! IF ONLY WE
HADN'T TAKEN THAT PATH!

THAT DAY! THAT DAY! THAT
DAY! THAT DAY! THAT DAY!!!

DAY AFTER DAY, I ENDLESSLY BLAMED MYSELF,
SUFFERED, AND CALLED OUT THE SAME NAME.
WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN THOUSANDS OF TIMES.

A USELESS MONOLOGUE. EVEN THAT ESCAPED
FROM MY VOCAL CHORDS AS SNIFFLING.

ACTUALLY. TO BE HONEST.

I WOULD LIKE TO JUST LET GO THESE LINGERING FEELINGS FOR THIS HALF LIFE OF MINE.

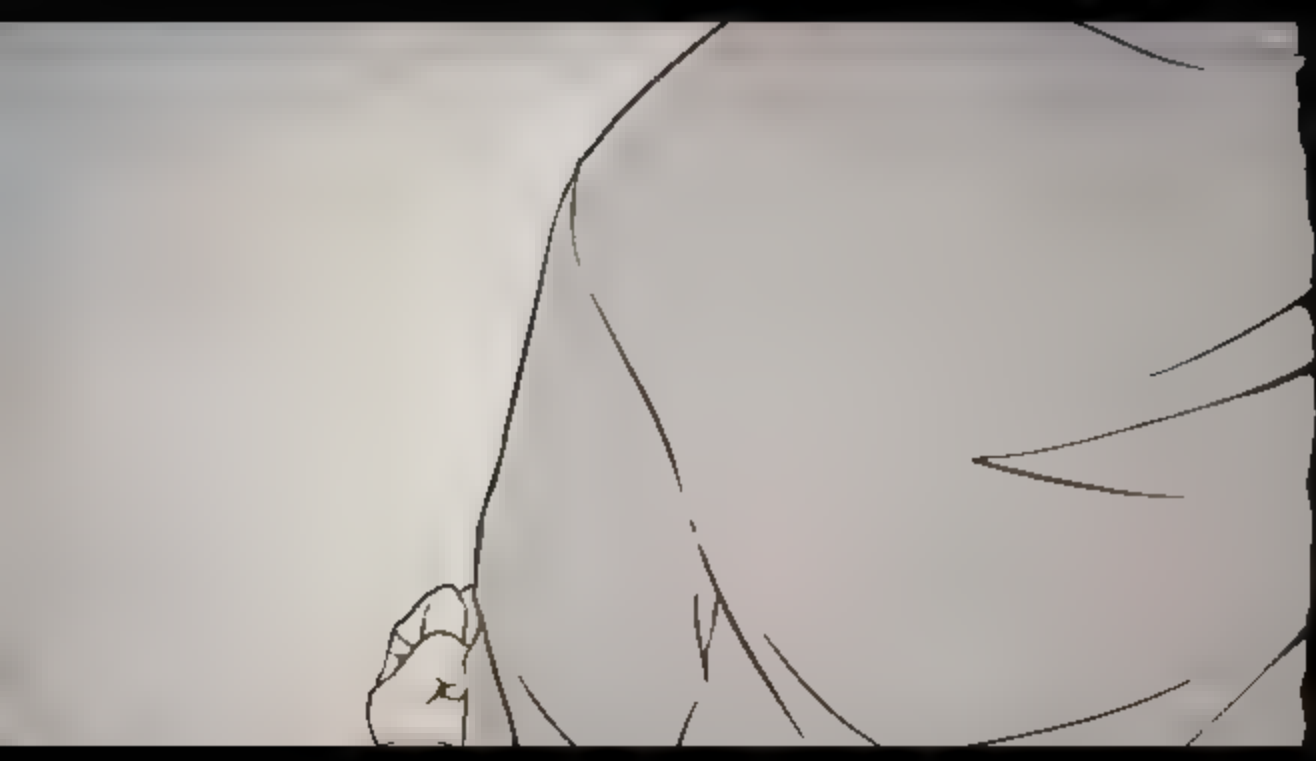
I DESPERATELY WANT TO GIVE UP.

LET GO, AND FIND PEACE.

BUT.... I KNOW.

EVEN THIS RESIGNATION SIMPLY KEEPS
REPEATING THESE HALLUCINATIONS,

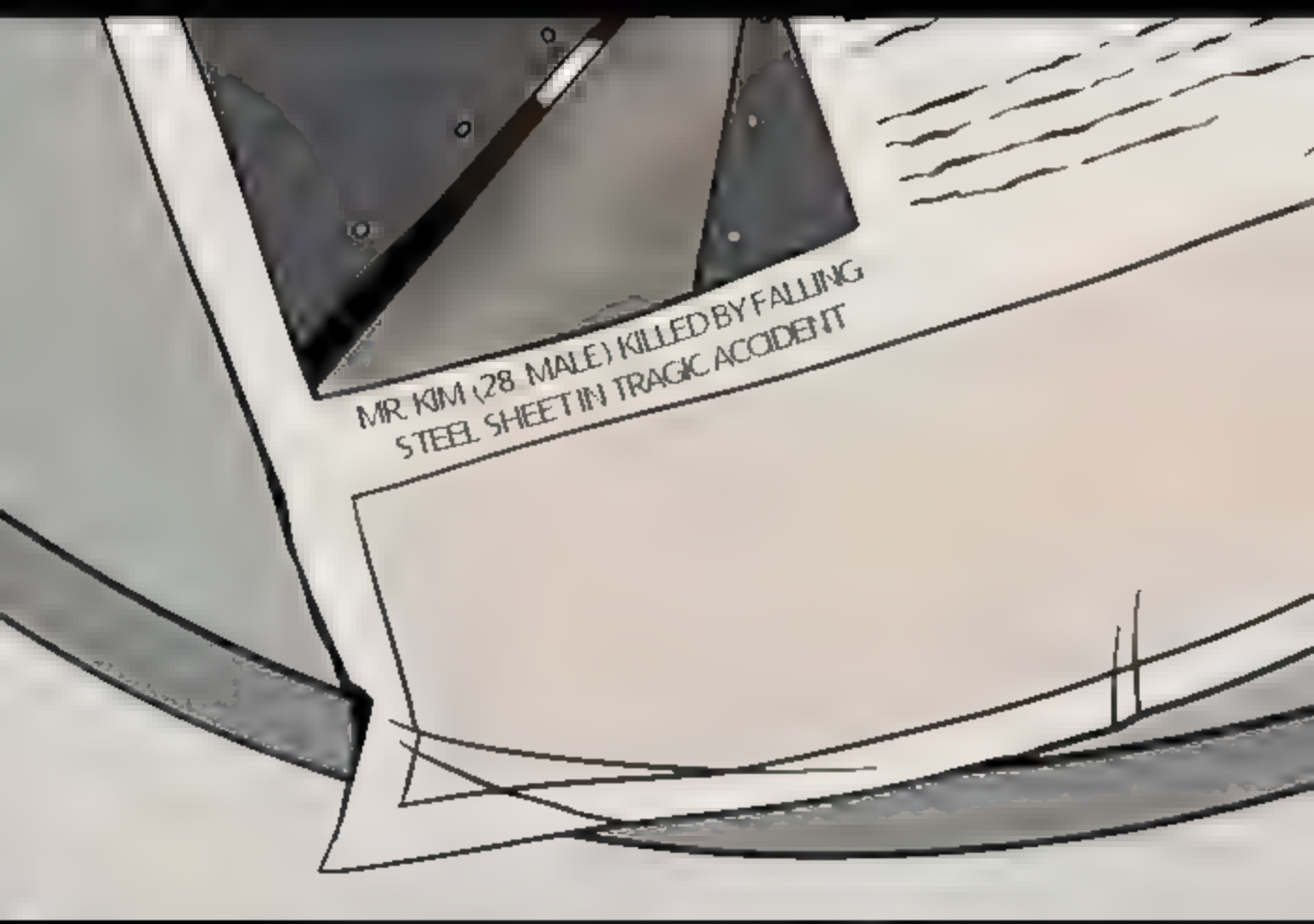
DELUSIONS AND LINGERING FEELINGS
LIKE A WHIRLPOOL IN MY MIND,
WHERE ONLY CHAOS REMAINS.



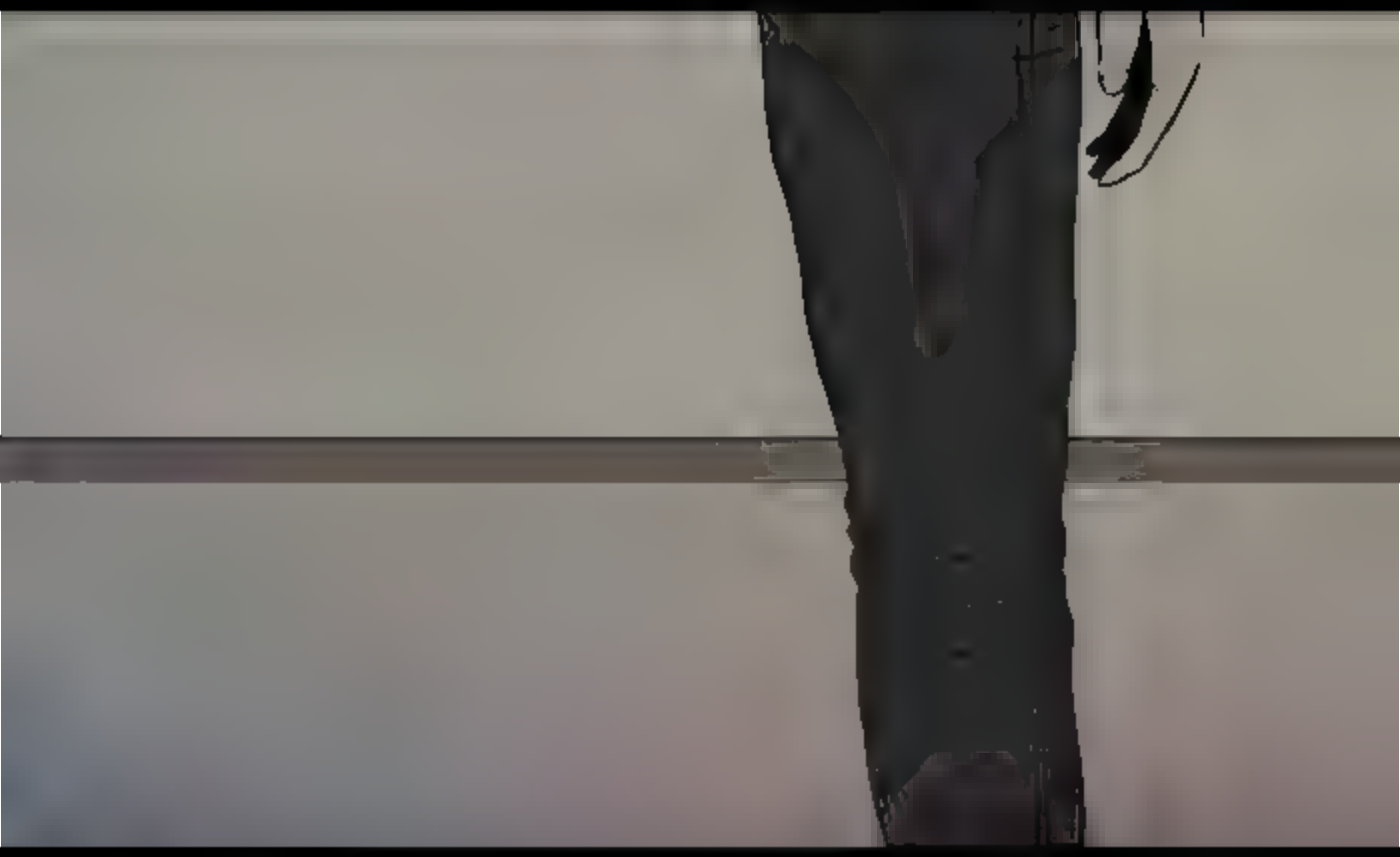
SOMETIMES, AS ONE DAY OF BEING
ALONE RUNS ENDLESSLY INTO THE NEXT,

ON DAYS WHEN I BARELY MANAGE TO
REGAIN MY SENSES, I SUDDENLY REALIZE.

ONCE PEOPLE ARE DEAD,



THEY CANNOT DIE AGAIN.



IN THIS WORLD

WHERE YOU NEED A COMBINATION OF BOTH
'ALONE' AND 'TOGETHER' TO BE COMPLETE,

I AM JUST A SPIRIT

WHO HAS FOREVER LOST HER PARTNER.

FRIDAY FORBIDDEN TALES 禁曜日

091. ALONE

ALONE_THE END

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